

BLUE GRASS BLADE

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1906.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE



Charles L. Moore
Editor



TERMS OF THE BLADE

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A PLAIN PROPOSITION.

If a merchant sells a Diamond,
Watch of jewelry for \$120 which
costs him \$100 he don't make a cent
because, rent, interest on capital in-
vested, salaries, out-of-date stock, etc.,
etc., consumes this 20 per cent. There-
fore, to live and accumulate wealth,
he must add 30 to 40 per cent. to the
net cost of the goods he sells.

Having disposed of my store I now
act simply in the capacity of your
Purchasing Agent, giving you the
benefit of my 40 years' experience and
positively saving you the 20 per cent.
it costs a merchant to do business.
When I receive your order for Dia-
monds, Watches, or any other goods
in the jewelry line, I select from all
the biggest stocks in Chicago, pay
cash, get all special discounts, and
usually ship goods same day. This
is why I can undersell all merchants
20 per cent. and yet make usual profit
ingenious. Spoons and Freestrough
Chairs and Pins. Send for prices
and my great little tract, "Heaven in
the Crucible free."

OTTO WETTSTEIN,
LaGrange, Cook Co., Ill.

My new pamphlet "Marriage and
Divorce" will come from press Decem-
ber 12th. All orders for same promp-
tly filled after that date. Price 25 cts.
a copy; 5 copies for \$1.00. Send all
orders to JOSEPHINE K. HENRY,
Versailles, Kentucky.

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a copy; 5 copies for \$1.00. Send all
orders to JOSEPHINE K. HENRY,
Versailles, Kentucky.

ATTENTION CONSUMPTIVES!
I kill and clean the lungs of all Con-
sumption germs in from two to three
weeks. No dope.

MRS. C. KELSEY,
Belleview, Fla.

EDITOR DR. FOOT'S ON NEW YEAR DAY

About a month ago my good friend
Dr. Foot, a man of George's
termer that he thought he would
me so that I could write some of the
first of the new year, and now on this
beautiful, bright New Year's Day,
though I am quite weak, I am doing
the first writing (have been able to do
for some time).

I am glad that Mr. Hughes has
changed the date of this paper to the
common Christian style, 1906, as
it will now be, instead of E. M. 396,
as formerly. The latter was a pretty
sentiment and just tribute to Guio-
dano Bruno, burnt at the stake by the
Christians, in front of the Vatican in
Rome, 306 years ago because he
brought the Bible into ridicule by tell-
ing the people there were stars larger
than this earth. There is one star
five millions of miles in diameter,
within the range of our telescopes,
and possibly, millions of others stars
as large as it is beyond the reach of our
telescopes. The Bible says that God
took six days to create this earth, but
he made all of the stars in a part of
one day, and the whole matter of
their creation is dismissed with the
few words "And he made the stars al-
so." But my tribute to Bruno involv-
ed some difficulties and misunder-
standings and I cannot the change
to the ordinary style or reckoning time.

I have three motives in writing this.
First, because I think there are many
good friends of the Blade and myself
who wish to see the Blade continue to
write, as I could not have done some
weeks, or months ago. Second, be-
cause I think it will afford me intel-
lectual recreation and third, because
Mr. Hughes has phoned me that he
has not enough copy.

Of course I have no assurance that
I will ever recover from this attack
but I think I have lately been closer
down to death than I now am.

There is, among Christians, a com-
mon idea that those who are nearly
dead can get, beyond death, some
glimpse of their eternal destiny. The
idea never seemed reasonable to me,
but in my most dangerous hours I
thought of it, and had no such expe-
rience as the Christians claim is true
of good and bad, and it still seems to
me that the material if every human
body has existed from all eternity and
will exist to all eternity, while the
individuality of each human is de-
stroyed by death, but, of course, I
don't know and as I get older—in my
59th year—I grow more inclined to
call myself an agnostic, and, on that
point, less inclined to dogmatize.

Every man should try to live so that
he would be ready to die any day and
death, even to the best prepared man,
is too serious a thing to be spoken
of lightly or flippantly and we should
never do it.

Some things are essentially happy
and some essentially sad and death,
except in rare instances, belongs to
the latter. I wish you all a happy
New Year.

DR. FOOT'S.

Larchmont Residence Bureau.

Dr. E. B. Foot's Larchmont resi-
dence took fire last week, from sparks
from a nearby burning hotel, and the
contents were entirely destroyed, the
loss was \$25,000.

Dr. Foot had one of the nicest
villas on the sound, quietly located,
and as cozy a home, as one would see
in miles of travel. It was full of val-
uable bric-a-brac and mementoes, ex-
pressing the esteem held for Dr.
Foot, from people all over the world.
The loss of this will prove a great
sorrow to Dr. Foot, as there are no
associations in age more pleasant
and treasured than the testimonials
and letters of old friends dead and
gone, or an else of the living ones.
Dr. Foot's home had come to be almost
a Liberal shrine in America. Nearly
every one had heard of it, and of its
hospitality. I am sure the loss will be
regretted generally by Liberals. Dr.

Foot, who is confined to his room,
most of the time from the break-
down incident to age, writing me, says
that he stood the excitement better
than he would have thought, and that
he is now domiciled at his New York
home in Lexington Avenue—J.

FOR ALL THE ARMY POSTS. read in the Bill Prepared by Con- gressman Dawes, of Ohio— Washington Notes.

Washington, December 30.—Con-
gressman B. G. Dawes, of Marietta,
Ohio, will introduce an important bill
when Congress reassembles next
week. It provides for the appropri-
ation of \$200,000 for the repair and
construction of chapels at permanent
army posts, and of this sum not more
than \$20,000 shall be expended at any
one station. Representative Dawes
thinks the Government could well af-
ford to spend a small sum for new
chapels at posts where there are none,
and improve those already establish-
ed. His bill will be referred to the
Committee on Military Affairs, of
which he is a member.

Comment.—It will be noticed that
the above bill is in direct opposition
to that to be introduced by Congress-
man Kitchen of North Carolina, and
which was discussed in this paper
last week. This attempt to build
chapels at army posts is an outgrowth
and extension of the building of
a Catholic church on the West Point
Reservation, some years ago. One
point gained leads to another, and
gradually, the church is insinuating it-
self into the state.

An Ohio Congressman, an old school
teacher of mine was on the committee
at the time the grant was given to
the Catholic church to build at West
Point. Gov. O'Dell, of U. Y., who is a
Freethinker, and who spent \$500 just
on a binding for Col. Ingersoll's com-
plete works, introduced the bill—the
bill which gave the Catholic church
the right to build at West Point.

I have less confidence in an infidel
who fears openly to practice what he
preaches, than a bigoted Christian,
who is out and out with his supersti-
tious.

My friend, the Ohio Congressman
told me that a caucus was held, and
a fixed determination arrived at to de-
feat the bill. In the meantime every
member of the committee received
notices from the Catholic bishops of
their district that they must sustain
the bill, or the church would attend to
their next nominations and elections.
Another caucus was held, and it was
agreed that they would stand pat;
but when it came to the scratch, every
one of them, excepting my friend,
back-tracked and the bill went
through. This is the way they do it.
They work for what they get, and
Freethinkers to nothing. There is no
union or sentiment back of them.

If we would back up Congressman
Kitchen, as church elements back
their representatives, we might possi-
bly get the bill through. The time
to fight this conspiracy of union of
church and state is when we have a
champion like Congressman Kitchen
to lead us. They don't appear every
day.—J. B. W.

THE CULTURIST.

After reading Dr. Wilson's review
of the Culturist, I anxiously awaited
its arrival. It came, it conquered!
In giving a list of the splendid articles
constituting the first New Year issue,
the Doctor could only hint at the
wealth of Wisdom, contained in its
pages. Truly the Culturist is a publi-
cation with a purpose or as Editor
Hurt puts it, "A magazine with a
motive." In a word its mission is to
educate the masses and a knowledge
of the manner in which the Editor be-
gins the task, can best be gained by
a careful perusal of its pages.

Listen to his assurance of adherence
to a principle: "I will not be daunted
by the disapproval of any. I shall
write always as I think and feel, in-
different alike to censure and to
praise. I shall say which is in me.
No motive of policy or consideration
of commercial shall influence my pen."

I believe that reformers can safely
trust in the leadership of Walter
Hurt as Editor of the Culturist. He is
a young man and should have many
years for active work. We all acknowl-
edge his ability, let us go further and
support the enterprise in which he
has embarked by sending our subscrip-
tions for his splendid publication.
—HARRIET M. CLOZE.

NO FEAR OF HELL

Has This Generation, and We Wor-
ship Mammon, Says
Schurman.

President Jacob Gould Schurman,
of Cornell University, delivered a re-
markable address on the universal
crisis for wealth to-night before the
union meeting of the Associated Acad-
emic Principals of the State of New
York. He said:

"If a visitor from Mars alighted on
our continent he would hear the pulpit
proclaim 'Glorify God,' but he
would find it the general practice to
'Glorify Gold.'"

"Are we then in this twentieth cen-
tury to revert to the barbarous wor-
ship of Mammon? Are Americans to
renounce their Christian heritage;
are they to repudiate the Hebrew law
of righteousness, are they to disclaim
the Hellenic notion of man and beau-
ty, are they to spurn the dignity and
glory of mankind in order to concen-
trate all their energies on the grati-
fication of acquisitive instincts which
we personify as Mammon, with the
brutes, and which, when exclusively fol-
lowed and satisfied, only leave us mor-
compaciently and more hopelessly
brutish?"

"The universal passion of money
and whatever money buys is an alarm-
ing phenomenon. It has been nourish-
ed by the colossal material property
of the age. It has allied itself with
the ambition of American youth to
succeed in the world. We should
naturally expect that it would have
met invincible opposition from reli-
gion; but religion, already weakened
by the decline of dogmatic faith, and
falling back on institutions and organiza-
tions, has itself been too often
tempted to purchase the gifts of the
world with money. Well, the
crisis may endure for a season, but
disillusionment is certain."

"The vice—the natural and almost
inevitable vice of a generation which
makes money the chief end of life
is dishonesty and 'graft.' The cardinal
maxim of such an age is 'Put money
in thy purse.' And whether the money
be thine or thy neighbor's is a matter
of little moment. That is to say, life
being emptied of all moral and spiri-
tual significance, and money being ex-
alted as the chief good, the man who
gets most money was not only achiev-
ing the greatest success, but best fol-
lowed the recognized end of existence.
"It is a generation which has no
fear of God before its eyes; it fears no
hell; it fears nothing but the Criminal
Court, the penitentiary and the scab-
bards of the finance of this age, the
of civil society is its only categorical
imperative, the only law with which
its sinful thunders."

"To get there and not get caught
is its only Golden Rule. To 'get rich
quick' is the motto of this age, and
it robs the widow and the orphan, grind
the faces of the poor, speculate in
trust funds, and purchase immunity
by using other people's money to
bribe legislators, Judges and Magis-
trates."

"And then we hear the praises of
the poor boys who have become mil-
lionaires; O God! send us men of hon-
or and integrity!"

Comment.—When a president of a
great university thus expresses him-
self on a great social problem, he
receives attention in all the papers,
and his remarks are noted and
weighed. The above statement from
President Schurman is a remarkable
instance of how the idea of hell may
become implanted in the infant brain,
and away a scholarly and brainy man
all his after days.

The main points at issue in Presi-
dent Schurman's statement on the
worship of Mammon are timely, true,
and well-said. He is observing and
liberal enough to admit that the
church is equally guilty in the wor-
ship of Mammon. But the remedy he
thinks, is a turn to the "Hebrew law
of righteousness," and "the fear of
Hell."

What does educated and smart
people so frequently make of them-
selves.

There should always be a wide dis-
tinction between what is a nation's
fess, and how it acts. What was in
reality, the "Hebrew law of righte-
ousness"? Why, to rob, plunder, kill,
and keep all they could get. I never
had any sympathy for the Hebrews in

Egyptian bondage. As soon as they
got out, they treated others even as
badly. The seizure of property was
their first aim. The first thing they
did, was to kill all the Amalekites who
sympathized with them, and who fed
them when starving, kill men, wo-
men and children, and keep their vir-
gins and property. All down through
their history they were all for self-
and toward others; murderers and
robbers.

Is it possible this infidel, materialis-
tic age is no better than Jewish civil-
ization? Do we really want to return
to the "Jewish laws of righteousness"?
(?) (?) (?)

In the last issue of this paper, I
saved statistics showing that out of
donations for the past year of \$66,000,
900, the church only got \$440,000.
We may now expect a big outcry from
the clergy on the sway of Mammon.
If the church had gotten most of this,
Mammon would be one of the best of
all the gods.

And do we want to return to "The
Fear of Hell"? There never was a
time in the history of the world when
there was as little fear of hell as to-
day.

The exact relation of Hell to Pro-
perty and Progress, may be arrived
at by comparing the civilization of
this age which entertains the least
fear of Hell, with those ages which en-
tertained the most fear of Hell.

If the fear of Hell is a good thing
at all, then the more hell we have,
the better we are off.

Compare the United States (short
on Hell) to the Dark Ages (long on
Hell). Compare the materialism of
England, France and Germany with
the civilizations of those countries
which have clung the longest to Hell
—Russia, Italy and Spain. They there
are only clinging to it, but raise it there.
It is a pity that educators of the
prominence of President Schurman
of great capacity in many di-
rections are incapable of disavow-
ing themselves from the Hell idea
and other Christian tomforesy, and
that they will thus come "beaten
public and private" by the very
such silly declaration.—J. B. W.

THE CULTURIST.

I have received the first issue of
"The Culturist," published at 114 Home
street, Cincinnati, Ohio, asking me to
put it on my exchange list, which I
shall certainly do. I have been read-
ing—monthly \$1.00 a year, single
copies 10 cents. I am not strong
enough to read it all, but I have got
the cream of it and especially the
prose articles, by the editor and a long
article by Dr. Wilson. It is most in-
teresting and well written, in prose
and poetry. It contains 21
pretty large pages of reading matter,
in fine print, and two pages of ad-
vertisements, making in reading matter,
as much as any three or four infidel
magazines in America. It is all got
up in fine style, and it will be very
hard to maintain such a publication.

When Brother Hurt published the
"Gloating Om," in Cleveland, Ohio, I
had frequent spots at each other,
but, a few months ago, he wrote me a
very kind letter in which he indicated
to me that the Culturist would please
me, and I have just gotten another let-
ter from him that is full of brotherly
kindness. In one article in the Cul-
turist, he has made errors and he
hopes to improve in the future. It
takes a man to say that. I have made
errors until my name is legion, some
through mistake, some purposely, and
some a combination of the two, but
I hope to improve and largely to elimi-
nate all unkindness from my criti-
cism of any body, because I have
heard out that I was hearing the side
of the man that we think is our enemy
he will generally appear to be as
near right as we are.

I had among my neighbors, one
Presbyterian man that I felt had done
me much injustice, and damage, that
I could never forgive him. He is a
director in a Lexington bank, and
one of the board of our State College
in Lexington, and I suppose was select-
ed for each place because he is an ex-
ceedingly able business man. He has
been sending me word, for some
weeks, that he was coming to see me,
and I have sent him word that I want-
ed to see him, yesterday he came to
see me, and made a long call. Neither
of us made any allusion to religion,
nor to the unpleasantness that had oc-
curred between us, our talk being
purely social. When his call was
over, we parted the best of friends,
and I now think he is just as honest
and good as I am, and I believe that
will be the case nine times out of ten.

If two enemies get to understand each
other.

I am an older man than Brother
Hurt, and I believe to be my friend
and I love him and will tell plainly,
what I think about The Culturist, be-
cause I am his friend.

The tone of the Culturist is very
high. I did not find in it a single
word, except in one article about the
Negroes, to which any mortal ought
to object. Race prejudice is natural,
but the humanitarian and philosopher
must overcome that, and say, like
Paul, "humanity are my brethren."
Some of his words are hard and un-
kind to the poor black man.

If the Negro had forced himself
foreigners have done, the case would
have been quite different, but the
white man stole him from his own
country, doomed him to the hardest
slavery and cruelty here, and made it
unlawful to educate him, even to the
extent of reading and writing, de-
baunched their women, and in many
ways, made him a human example and
seems to me that now it is the climax
of injustice to despise the Negro for
his imperfections and that, on the
other hand, the Negro race should be
the object of the deepest sympathy
of every truly cultured white
man and white woman.

Among the advertisements, there is
one to which I must seriously object.
It is that of Lucifer, the freeholder
and anarchist paper. No man ought to
encourage in any manner, a paper
which would not be willing to do him-
self, and Brother Hurt, ought not to assist
Lucifer, unless he is willing, person-
ally to proclaim himself a freeholder
and anarchist.

I have most cheerfully granted to
the Culturist the unlimited use of the
Blade for the advertisement of the
Culturist, but I don't see how I
can, consistently continue to support
the Culturist so long as it supports
other publication that is directed to
the propagation of two doctrines, one
of which is most revolting to my
sense of decency and good morals,
and the other opposed to any prin-
ciple of good citizenship, and in this
position, I am sustained by every dis-
tinguished moralist, Christian or infidel,
of ancient or modern times.

Another objection, I have to the
Culturist is simply a matter of style.
It is one of the many paradoxes in
life that the largest ideas are best
conveyed by the smallest words and
yet Brother Hurt's writing is filled
with long, hard words among which
are many words which I do not remem-
ber ever to have seen before and the
meanings of which I do not know,
while I am too weak to handle a big
dictionary to find out.

Brother Hurt's purpose were sim-
ply to make a display of his knowl-
edge of the English language, as
seems to have been Brann's purpose,
in his "iconoclast," this would be all
right, but Hurt claims a higher pur-
pose, and that is, to show the world
death and, as it seems to me,
without having made the world any
better.

Even Dr. Wilson, in his long article
in the Culturist, seems to try to con-
form to the stilted style of that pub-
lication, and loses all of that crispness
that distinguishes him in the Blade.
The Doctor requires a good deal of
space to express himself, but in the
Culturist, he seems to have had more
space than he needed, and he writes
like he had a contract to fill so many
columns rather than to give us his
ideas tersely.

I would recommend to Brother Hurt
less metaphysical philosophy and ab-
stractness and more plain talk about
how to be good and happy.

TO THE READERS OF THE BLADE

My new pamphlet, "Marriage and
Divorce," is now from the press, and
all advance orders have been filled. All
orders from this date will be promp-
tly filled by return mail. Orders have
been received for this pamphlet from
twenty-three states. Marriage and Di-
vorce are live questions in all local-
ities, and this is an up-to-date discus-
sion of this subject.

If any persons who have ordered
this pamphlet have not received it,
please drop me a postal and I will
rectify any mistakes.

Send in your orders for "Marriage
and Divorce," 50 cents for one copy,
5 copies for \$1.00. Send all orders
to JOSEPHINE K. HENRY, Ver-
sailles, Ky.

Send in your subscription to the
Blade and help us start the New
Year by paying our paper bill.

(From Winchester Sun Sentinel)
MRS. JOSEPHINE K. HENRY

She Takes a Periwinkle for Text and Preaches a Better Sermon Than Most Preachers can Preach.

Mrs. Henry has spent the best years of her life in defense of her sex, but sensible woman that she is, she can see the faults of women as well as men. There is a vein of humor in the following article that is not common in Mrs. Henry's writings.

Sun-Sentinel:
The Periwinkles that appear weekly in the Sun-Sentinel are weighed down with truth, wisdom, and common sense. The world is sadly in need of this trinity.

A Periwinkle in the last issue of the Sun-Sentinel read as follows: "I can't see any sense in many of the hats that women wear. They do not protect from the cold or heat, and as a thing of beauty, they are a failure."

You are right Mr. Editor, and as a woman, I am compassionate the follies and follies of our sex. We are the slaves of that arch tyrant Fashion, which requires them to defy nature, suffer untold misery, and metamorphose themselves into monstrousities. After spending the best part of my life defending women, above their rights and demanding abolition of their wrongs, no one can accuse me of dealing unfairly with my own sex, but I must say in all candor that when I observe the hats that women wear, to say nothing of the other silly and grotesque fashions they indulge in, I am ashamed of my sex.

It is said by some that women are mentally inferior to men. I emphatically deny this, and for this reason; if men had squeezed their liver up into their lungs with corsets, and never drawn an honest breath, thrown their bodies out of equilibrium with tight shoes with heels in the middle of the soles, filed their hair with rats, mice, roils, and brands made of the hair of dead convicts or nuns, and stabbed their brains with hatpins to hold on their heads crazy and ridiculous hats, I say if men had done these things for centuries they would all be blooming idiots or in the cemetery. It is ample proof that women are not mentally inferior to men to have suffered all these things and yet be able to take honored place in the business world and distance men two to one in our schools and colleges as they are today.

While we are talking about hats, I will write about women's hats, which are like women themselves, two of them are alike. The variety in the way of hats this spring is both ridiculous and monstrous, surely Dame Fashion has reached her limit. Many can be compared to the crest of the angry parrot when he sticks it straight up in the air. Every hat is tilted up or turned down at an idiotic angle. They are loaded down in a riot of colors, with end ribbons, flowers and vegetables looking like a cyclone had landed them on this crazy gear. A woman with a turned up nose and a turned up hat, that looks like an umbrella blown inside out, is a pathetic object. It is a comfort to know that she is happy because she thinks that she is in the fashion, but she is certainly a blot on nature. Only a fifteen or sixteen year old girl could look well in these hats, but she because it is impossible to destroy the charm of blooming girlhood with grotesque dress.

If women in this country had always worn sensible clothes and they should go to Africa or Zulusia and find the women there in the fashions we have to-day, they would laugh at the women there and say, "poor things, they don't know any better."

Dear women why don't you know better? Why don't you find out what kind of hats and dresses look well upon you, and not depend upon the demimonde of Paris and New York to set the fashion for you?

Why don't American women take pride in their own strength of mind and individuality, take pride in physical comfort, good health, and a sensible appearance, instead of trying to imitate every fashionable fad they meet? I have used a good deal of time and space, defending women against the charge of inferiority, but it is pretty hard to defend the woman that makes a guy of herself, sailing along the street, seemingly happy in one of these ridiculous headpieces. No male idiot under the sun would wear such monstrous things, but they have the common sense to wear comfortable and healthful clothing and I commend them for it. I wish they would influence women to do the same. When a woman buys a hat, why does she not exercise taste combined with common sense? Why not wear a hat with a crown fit the head and a brim shade the face, instead of those cocked up at a ridiculous angle that make the wearers look like angry parrots? Why not wear shoes large enough to fit the

feet? Why not wear dress skirts to clear the ground, and refuse to be the street sweepers, with tailor made gowns? Why not let the walt be its natural size instead of compressing it with a corset like boiler iron? If not, why not? Every sensible person and all physicians know that comfortable clothing for women would improve the health and mental and moral fiber of the American people.

The present physical inferiority of woman to man, is a pure product of her uncomfortable and weakening clothing. The American woman on a street on a windy day is a very sorry spectacle. Her hair is blowing about, a hat which has no reference to the shape of her head, piled with ornaments fit only for 12th century savages impeding skirts wrangling themselves around her struggling limbs, clutched with one hand, while the other hand strives to hold purse, package and umbrella. This is a true picture, and what a caricature it is.

As I reflect upon the amount of time, thought and money, worse than wasted in such clothing for women, I am convinced that our boasted Chinese civilization has been given them nothing in the way of costume to be thankful for.

Fashion is more powerful than law, but common sense and individual will power can destroy the tyrannical rule of fashion. Women can make themselves attractive by taking care of their health not by defying nature.

If women would be natural the next generation would have figures as good as the Venus of Milo, and their brain power would be so strong, that the class of men who have taken upon themselves the task of deciding what the feminine half of the race ought to be, to do, to think, to wear, would be forced into retirement. The elimination of the grotesque and monstrous in women's dress is a crying need. If women are to be accorded with any sense, a reform in hats is imperative. I saw a collection of spring hats yesterday, and I barely escaped a combined attack of paralysis, apoplexy, and nervous prostration. O those hats, I can't write more about them, or I will be thrown into a decline.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.
Versailles, Kentucky.

(From the Truth Seeker). A CONVERSION OF THE USUAL KIND.

The Vincennes (Ind.) Sun of recent date appeared the following: "The Church of Christ returned from Olney, Ill. where she has been preaching two weeks and relates a most remarkable result of his labors. A man named Dr. T. J. Edwards, who has written many books and magazine articles against the Christian religion, attended the meetings. On hearing the second sermon, he was converted and renounced infidelity. Not only this, he collected all his literary and scientific books, valued at \$200 worth, in an immense heap in the roadway and set fire to it, and as the bonfire consumed the books he sang and rejoiced. It was a most remarkable scene."

Having made it my business for the past forty years—ever since my "conversion"—to investigate all such reports of infidel recantations, I hastened to Vincennes, as soon as my attention was called to it, and there I met the reverend gentleman who truth tells me was in the report. He replied that every word of it was absolutely true except that the occurrence was at Olney, Ill., instead of at Vincennes. The doctor further stated that though he had never written any magazine articles or books on infidelity or other subjects, he had enjoyed himself very much in answering through the local weekly press, such preachers as he could draw into to town (Olney) the "fire and brimstone" theory of hell. I spent near half a day with the learned and intelligent doctor, reading with much interest his many articles which he had severely reprimanded the clergy for preaching a doctrine that was only fitted to scare unthinking men, women, and children and inflame any "hellish" ideas were the

most forceful I have ever read. I have frequently offered large rewards for authentic proof of recantation of an infidel who had sense enough to know the meaning of the word and had arrived at his conclusions by thought and investigation, but the proof was never produced.

S. D. McREYNOLDS.
Louisville, Ky.

(From the Arkansas Traveler) MOSES WHITE IS TIRED—VERY.

Does Not Know for Certain Just What He Wants, But Supposes "Practice" to be One Who Practices Some Kind of Craft, Because Full Name is Not Signed to Article. Strikes Out Boldly in the Direction of Nothing and Makes a Few Off-Hand Suggestions About Whose Contributions He Would Like to See in The Traveler.

Editor Traveler:
Sir: I notice in issue 12-8-1905, of the Traveler, an article from you, cryptological of the "Millburn Warlike" debate, a metaphysical quarrel between two Revs., which covered nearly one whole page of the Traveler, to read which, would tire most any intelligent person, the idea of men debating and quarreling over a metaphysical, fabulous book, which was constructed by priest-craft, from pagan myths and fables, for the purpose of "gulling" the ignorant into the support of the priest.

It would seem like there had been enough said, concerning the metaphysical quarrel in your article of the eighth, but on receipt of issue of the fifteenth, we see the first page covered with an article from "a subscriber"—I suppose the author is one who practices some kind of craft, as he or she as the case may be, seems to be too cowardly to sign the article covering nearly the same line of thought as your article in previous issue.

I don't wish to meddle with other folks' business, but I would like to see the columns of "The Traveler" filled with contributions from such authors as J. B. Wilson, J. E. Roberts, Parrish B. Ladd, Mrs. Josephine K. Henry and others, instead of subscribers whose occupation won't admit of their signing their names to the contribution.

Respectfully,
MOSES WHITE.
P. S.—If you do not feel disposed to publish the foregoing scribbling, please return to writer—M. W.

While we flatter ourselves that we have a reasonable degree of intelligence, we are frank to confess our inability to see any definite purpose in the foregoing "name" it is ridiculous, needless-bruising wrangle with "a subscriber." While this might be ever so pleasing to friend White, it would make a majority of the subscribers tired, and we do not care to make them tired just for the sake of making them tired.

As to the crafts, there are various kinds. There is priest-craft, wood-craft, smith-craft, doctor-craft, merchant-craft, book-craft, printer-craft, farmer-craft, as well as various others, and one class of craftsmen hate all the others in proportion as they outstrip them in business. Professionally speaking, the various craftsmen get all they can out of their business. The doctor gets all he can, the merchant gets all he can, the printer gets all he can, the priest gets all he can, the farmer gets all he can, that is all there is to it. These are life under the competitive system.

Under the socialistic system it might be quite different. If each was rewarded in the exact proportion to the good accomplished, then one craftsman's interest would not be so directly opposed to every other. If every man was encouraged and rewarded for telling exactly what he believed to be the truth about any and every question that might arise, then the people would speedily become too intelligent to be gulled by any man's matter what his craft might be.

Bro. White poses as a Free-Thinker of the Materialistic brand, and is, no doubt, a fair representative of that branch of Free-Thought, yet he is too impatient with those who may hold views different from his own. Although he can still remember when he was firmly fixed—the meshes of superstition, yet he has neither sympathy nor forbearance for those who have not yet been so fortunate as to see the absurdness and inconsistency of popular Theology. The editor of this paper poses as a Free-Thinker of the Spiritualistic brand, and is perfectly willing for his life and actions to stand as a mark or representation of his belief. Bro. White thinks that physical death is the end of man. We think that physical death is only a step into a conscious state of spiritual existence. He thinks we believe too much; we think that he believes too little. He thinks that we are superstitious; we think that he is inconsistent. He guesses, we guess. No body knows.

As to his preference for the articles of the authors mentioned, will

say that we have never rejected a single communication from any of the parties named, in fact one of them has been specially solicited to become a regular correspondent for the Traveler. Bro. White seems to infer that we had been rejecting articles from the parties named in order to make room for articles that make him tired, but such is not the case. If he happens to notice anything like in our paper that gives him "a tired feeling," we would like to hear from him.

THE OLD GRINDSTONE.

The incidents of childhood's years, With pleasure we relate.

The tales of hardships now long past, Perhaps we oft inflate.

But thoughts of one experience Still chill us to the bone.

'Twas when our elders said To turn the old grindstone.

The dreaded summons often No matter what the hour;

And other sport and work was ped.

To furnish motive power For sharpening corn knife, ax

scythe, In rears or alone,

We chased and cried, the while we toiled

Upon the old grindstone.

When "working bees" were being planned,

The help for many a mile,

Would bring their implements, and chat

And "sharpen up" meanwhile, They'd say—"Young ones should earn

their keep,

Then bacon and corn pone" And then we knew our fate was sealed

To turn the old grindstone.

And how those "grown-ups" would be so,

And say to us—"turn fast,"

I'll panting breath, and flaming face,

Warned them to stop at last

To try the "axe" and light the pipe,

While we with inward moan, Would wait the final smoothing work

Upon the old grindstone.

At times we saw our father with

The cradle on his arm,

Start from the clearing to the house,

And we, in wild alarm

Would hide to shirk the grinding, but

Our error soon was shown;

For mother then performed our work

Upon the old grindstone.

No well adjusted belts had we,

Like those in use today;

No trusses feared to do of work,

We used a kin to play,

And every pole on each back frame,

Supported discs of stone,

At every turn the handle made

Unearthly creak and groan.

We smile as we remember now

The scenes of early life,

The many hardships, hopes and fears,

With which the times were rife,

But this experience remains,

And stands forth quite alone—

The agonizing hours we worked

Besides the old grindstone.

HARRIET M. CLOSZ.
Webster City, Iowa.

DEATH OF JOHN GLICKERT.

Among the Liberals of Cincinnati, no death of recent years has caused more genuine regret than that of John Glickert. He was quite a young man—a boy-reared a Catholic, listened to some street preaching by a band of young Freethinkers, was converted to Free-thought, later became interested in economic questions, and gradually became a Socialist speaker of local reputation. He lived with his widowed mother in humble room in Pleasant street, and supported her by a band of young Freethinkers, was converted to Free-thought, later became interested in economic questions, and gradually became a Socialist speaker of local reputation. He lived with his widowed mother in humble room in Pleasant street, and supported her by a band of young Freethinkers, was converted to Free-thought, later became interested in economic questions, and gradually became a Socialist speaker of local reputation. 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Editor Blue Grass Blade:—Andrew Bennett, an old resident of this county, died at his home s.x miles northwest of Winterset, Madison County, Iowa, on Thursday, the fourteenth of December, 1905. The deceased was in his sixty-ninth year.

Mr. Bennett leaves a wife and eight children to mourn his loss. While not of a craving nature, he accumulated a fair share of this world's goods and died respected by all who knew him.

His interest was clear to the last and a few days prior to his death, he told his family that he did not want any minister to preach his funeral, that his earnest desire was that some Liberalist should deliver an address and that there should be no other services.

The burial of Mr. Bennett was attended by a great number of his friends and in compliance with his request, Dr. T. P. Weir, of Winterset, Iowa, delivered the following address:

Of the latter class, doubtless, there are those who are sorely grieved, because as you believe, your beloved neighbor, while he has lived an upright and moral life, has neglected the all essential thing. For your honest opinions, I have the profoundest respect. Your good intentions, I will not question. Each good man and

Andrew Bennett was never a member of any church, and to be just with you, we must also say that it was his belief that he could find no church, with which he could affiliate and be honest with himself. This is a matter of history. The life he lived is a reality. His right doings and his wrongs all go, now, to make up the sum total of his life. What his life has been, it has been, and it cannot be changed by all we may now say about it. The various opinions, entertained by us about his life will differ, the one from the other. All this, however, can have no effect on the life of Andrew Bennett. The secrets of his life we cannot know. It is well, however, that we study such a life.

There is, in this world, a great variety of people and the various ideals about the true life are many. Some now or other, within the very compass of man, there has been some thing which has roused him to query about the right and the wrong, and for some strange reason mankind has left to find out the right and the wrong for self. This has thrown man into a constant struggle, which has lasted throughout his existence and which, today, is by no means ended. This something, which urges man to find out the right and to try to do the right, may be called a religious sentiment. This religious sentiment, I believe, has been a part of the make up of every human being, no matter what the race or clime.

In the history of the past, we find that governments were set up only to run their timely race. From this we should learn, that the founders of those governments, builded only the best they knew, and that the gradual progress of evolution into something better, requires the giving way of those institutions for better things. We also find, that from the organization of the church men, began to formulate theological teaching into creeds. Those theologians told the

Again, history will support the statement that at no time when a formal religious teaching has been given to the people, have more than a few of the best of the people, accepted its teachings. It will also support the statement that such teachings are accepted by many of the worst of men. This, precludes the possibility of our people, as has been said by professional theologians have been in too great a haste, about their concluding that they had reached the summit. They assumed too much when they gave to man a book and called it divine. That book, because it contains many truths, which had already been wrought out by man, and because it contains reflections of the times in which it was written, and because it was written, is of great value, when considered in the true light; but when regarded as an infallible book its utility is gone.

been given to man. Psychology and experience teach that the conscience is not a correct guide. They teach us that while the conscience prompts us to do the right, as it is given us to see the right, and that while it stings us for having done what we believe to be wrong, it, the conscience, never tells us what is right and what is wrong.

what is right and what is wrong there would be but one teaching by good religious men. Instead of this condition of things, we find today a multitude of so-called religious teachings. For the most part, all those teachings differ, in some essentials, from the one from the other, and yet, among the advocates of all those teachings, we find some of the best of men and some of the worst. It is true, that among that class of men who do not advocate or believe in any of the formulated religious teachings there are many of the worst of men. It is also an undeniable fact that among the so-called class of unbelievers, today, as in the past, are to be found many of the noblest of men.

He has come in touch, can be truthful
ly said to have outgrown all fixed
theologies.

Herbert Spencer, that grand man
who revolutionized the thought of the
world, and whose life was a perfect
symbol of true manhood, when he
quitted his earthly career, had wrap-
ped about his body not one theological
garment.

No less an authority than John
Stuart Mill has said, that it is an un-
deniable fact that not only those, who
do not accept the religious teachings,
but as well those who openly oppose
them, are times among the greatest
benefactors of mankind.

There is a reason for this condition
of things and the day has come, when
we should be ashamed to lay claim to

terms of my experience." The day has come when we should respect the opinions of all who live well, and our faith—how great, how generous, how magnificent the word, when it overpasses the personal, transcends the particular, and within its amplitude embraces all that is.

In the past, too much time and energy have been spent in quibbling over the technicalities of theology. This quibbling has alienated friends, separated families and led to wars of ex-

is time, hence, men should be able to do things, to go to the gym, to the movies, and, from now on, extend of force in the development of religious sentiment, and morals. The world's greatest need to-day, is less than that of the past, and more morals, theology cannot be proven, morals either prove or disprove themselves. It cannot be said that good morals are bad, without the Christian religion. History for the last 100 years has been the upbuilding, the acting of good morals, it puts the human race upon plain, higher and higher still, as nothing else can do. The living of good morals also means the upbuilding of character—the upbuilding of character, this only true salvation. Andrew Benezel lived a moral life. To whosoever he study his life, it will be as finger pointing to the right, and the right will help us to live this life and if we learn to live this life, we need have no fear of a life to come.

grace. Theology and its advocates upheld and supported slavery. The religious and moral sentiment wiped out the direful institution, in spite of theologies' influence.

And so it has been. The theologies of the world, for the most part, have never been a formulated statement of man's blunders. Those blunders would have been fastened upon

membership, Edward Evert Hale, and his two associates. In so doing the spokesmen, of that federation, were careful to inform the people that the gentlemen were excused because they did not accept the so-called orthodox theology. And then those gentlemen went on to say, they said, each of those rejected men represented the highest type of manhood. Is not that strange? They tell us that the acceptance of the Christian religion is necessary to the rounding out of a perfect character, and then they tell us that Hale and his associates, who rejected the orthodox teachings, are of the highest type. If those men are of the highest type of manhood, without the teachings of orthodoxy, would the

Andrew Bennett did not live a thoughtless or careless life. Reading was with him a favorite experience. His conviction were the result of his reading, his thought and his experience. He not only talked of his convictions, but he lived them. As Andrew Bennett traveled his course up and down this earth, though moved not by a hope of future reward or an endless hell, he was ever able to stand erect, look the world in the face and none could say of him, other than that he is an honest man. When Andrew Bennett did the right, it was for the sake of doing the right.

Andrew Bennett and I did not always agree when we talked, but

He lives a good life, worthy of our imitation and emulation.

As farmers, you are engaged in raising the products of the earth. When your neighbor produces an article superior to your own, you do not question your neighbor's method. You become anxious to learn his secret.

Let us not question this man's religion. Rather let us try to learn his secrets. Let us devote our energies to the rounding out of as perfect a life as the living of our belief as he has

tion of the signs of the Zodiac. The dark ages the monks were spending were getting up all sorts of strange and mythical things like that, except that the monks were intended to show that the Christian religion is true. The Doctor's interpretation of the Zodiac is fairly ingenious, but excepting the fact that it opposes the Christian religion reads like it had been written by a monk of the dark ages.

The Doctor and Judge Ladd see much to be said to show that there is no equivalent to any sign of the Zodiac of Jesus, but having examined the matter in and about Jerusalem, as well as in Egypt, I think I have the advantage of those learned gentlemen and differ with them.

Of course there never was such a character as that of Jesus as told in the New Testament, because any man who might contradict the laws of nature, and therefore, the laws of God, and the whole New Testament is

It proves nothing that profane history knows nothing of him even in the famous passage in Josephus being regarded as spurious by such a Christian apologist as Dr. Lardner and the passage in Tacitus being simply

Marshall Hills, Dec. 26, 1905.

Editor Blade:

In an article in the Blade some time ago, Judge Ladd made the assertion that the question of religion was settled; and said that he rarely read infidel papers any more, but usually consigned them to the waste basket.

No doubt that his conclusion, taken from observations within the sphere in which he moves and applied according to the same, are correct. I think it true that the broadly educated man no longer believes the dogmas of the Christian religion.

So much as he and others have written upon the subject of religion after years of surface reading, and surface

Though I was an infidel several years previous to that time (having read the contradictions between science and religion) I never knew there was such a thing in existence as an infidel newspaper—a real weekly publication. This might be looked upon as simply an admission of gross ignorance at first thought, but upon moments reflection it can easily be seen why this was so.

Of all the various papers I read in these many years, I never saw a single mention of an infidel publication. The public press through ignorance or niggardly have never permitted Freebought to occupy its proper position in journalism. Never allowed

the closest in his laboratory, or judge upon his bench, their opportunities have not been the same. One environment may be such as to make him an ignoramus, while another may make him a philosopher. We are all very much the creatures of circumstances.

Think of the millions who can see the effect of the many phenomena that occur daily, but know not enough of science to reason to the cause. So long as the cause can not be seen, they refer it all to Destiny.

you wonder then when I say we have just begun the fight?

There are many who are parents but not fathers. The country thus raised on humanity are continually being filled by the children from the mothers—the poor people—who are the prime propagators of a redundancy of the human species. As they swell the ever-increasing throng of human beings and coming as they do, from homes of ignorance and superstition, need not we weep like Alexander the Great, "There are too many men in the world to conquer!" While our generation goes down to its grave, and other steps out upon the stage of time. It must be looked after, must be educated or the same superabundance will overshadow it. The clergy is always on the alert. Let Infidels not be so sure that we have conquered and are in full possession of the world. We have not quite enough to hold here, that a very few

Let not Judge Ladd cause us to
down a single weapon of defense
offense. Let us redouble our effort
to enlighten the world at the earliest
possible time.

But let all bear in mind that modern
scientific and infidel literature is
young the kew of the common people.
Give them simple food for thought.

Those of the Blade readers who are familiar with the author's work need no words from me as to the assurance that the booklet is full of well stated facts from beginning to end. This arrangement by Mrs. Henry of our present unjust system of Marriage and Divorce ought to be read by every woman in the United States, and by the members of the legislature and congress, and we propose that of reform literature should be to it, that our representatives and senators receive copies with passages marked, so they may be sure of extracting the eye. One that is done full reading is secured, and once re-

The anguished heart beats of a suffering human, seems to throb furiously with every motion of Mrs. Haeppen. Every sentence exposes the wrongs of our matrimonial system and earnest pleas are made for enlightenment and justice.

Order the booklet for yourself, only costs 25 cents, and is worth a dollar of any one money. After you have read it, order several others to pass around among your orthodox friends. I personally thank Mrs. Haeppen for this splendid work. It is bound to work reform.—HARRIET CLOSZ.

THE BURNING OF
LARCHMONT MAN

is a fatal loss. The Liberal will deeply sympathize with the great and good Dr. Foote in the loss of his home now, after a life of service to humanity when the weight of years and physical infirmities rest upon him. Dr. Foote has been an invalid confined to his home for some time. Let us hope that the great shock of being aroused from a comfortable bed on a cold winter night, to see his lovely home devoured by the flames, will work no physical ill to the sage.

His declining years. I am sure that the Black readers join me in sympathy to Dr. Foose and his family as they bid him adieu. I am sure that the joy to brighten their lives.—**PHIN K. HENRY,**
Vernalee, Kentucky.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 27, 1910.
Dear Brother Moore:

I sincerely hope that by this time health be much improved. I am trying to find a chance to go over to see you, but was unable to do so as yet, been unable to do so as yet, been unable to do so as yet.

I wish the Good Book says we should visit the sick, and I try to live up to it. I wish the Scriptural commandment to be home in your daily living, in your daily living. I wish the better to get "local color" into my sketch of you. Having met you

Lydia E. Pinkham, I am
"Yours for health,"
WALTER HURD

I loathe the heart of the old
faced friend Charles C. Moore, be-
cause I do his head. His head is
halcyon to receive the conception of
Christian ethics in politics, and
applied Christianity to democracy,
his heart is as chaste as the Alas-
sini for purity; as warm as the great
Master's blood . . . ght for humani-
ty. Its cords are interwoven and tu-
mescant by the tones of the golden rule,
its metaphysics is that there is no su-
terior of truth outside of nature.
I hope he may live long so his head
will reach and strengthen and lend
on those ideas of the head.—SPE-
ER GARWOOD.

[illegible]

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